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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLIAMENT OF CANADA, IN THE YEAR 1889, AT THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

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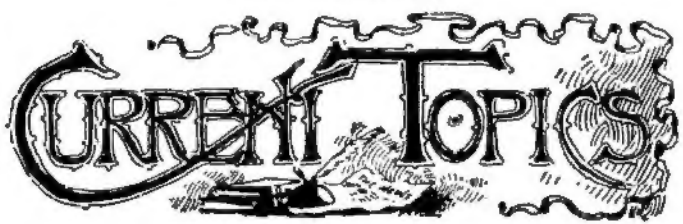
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Literary communications to be addressed to
"THE EDITOR, DOMINION ILLUSTRATED."



The Christmas Number of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED will, we believe, convince the reading public that a holiday issue comparable, both in its pictorial and its literary contents, to anything produced on either side of the Atlantic can be compiled with Canadian co-operation alone. Neither effort nor expense has been spared in making it worthy of the highest aspirations of the Dominion. Our best artists and writers will be represented in its pages, and it will be Canadian from title-page to finish. As this number will mark a new starting point in the history of illustrated journalism in Canada, and will comprise a more comprehensive representation of Canadian ability and enterprise (artistic, literary and industrial) than any preceding publication, no time should be lost in sending in orders, so that every part of Canada may have a full supply for the Christmas sales.

There is one fact which those orators, who have been so persistently urging on our Canadian farming population the wonderful benefits that would result from the opening up of a market of sixty millions, seem to have lost sight of, and that is that the condition of the farmers on the other side of the line, who are in the enjoyment of this grand market is, in not a few instances, less satisfactory than that of our own people, who are asked to envy them. Of the state of things in Dakota it is hardly necessary to say a word. On that point the evidence has been overwhelming. Quite a number of Canadian settlers in the impoverished districts of the new State have lately been provided with homes in Manitoba and the North-West, and the alacrity with which they embraced the offer to transfer their penates across the frontier did not at all support the theory that the "sixty million market creates an elysium for the farmer." The visit of Mr. Innes, Dominion Immigration Agent, to Michigan brought out additional evidence of the same negative character. The condition of the settlers there was, it is true, in several respects, preferable to that of the Dakotan exiles, but some of the crops had turned out badly (the potato crop being practically a failure), complaints of hard times were rife, and not seldom the agent's inducements to return to Canada were eagerly accepted. In New England and New York the condition of many of the farming communities has been shown by statistics that are beyond question to be that of continuous decline. Even districts, which from their situation in close proximity to important business centres and in the enjoyment of every facility for communication with every point in the "sixty million market" have been proved to be waning in population and prosperity—the people taking the opportunity, whenever available, of seeking fresh fields and pastures new, where the chance of making a livelihood is not so meagre. In fact, it has been abundantly shown that agriculture in the New England and Middle, as well in some of the West-

tern States, instead of flourishing, as these advocates of surrender would have us believe, is in some localities in a decidedly and confessedly worse condition than it is in any part of the Dominion. It is well to bear this in mind.

It is of historical, if not of political, interest to know that the descendant and heir of the kings by whom the colony of New France was founded is much gratified with the condition of his kinsmen in the Dominion under British rule. Had valiant, brusque old Frontenac, when, from his eyry at Quebec, he defied the proud invader, Sir William Phips, who had summoned him to surrender, dreamed for a moment that, two centuries later, the descendant and representative of his royal master would send across the ocean such a message of acquiescence in the transfer of Canada to the control of its ancient foes, we can well imagine what surprise and indignation would have possessed his haughty soul. "L'homme propose mais Dieu dispose." The Comte de Paris accepts the turn of events in Canada with more resignation than he accepts what has taken place in France. The future may, however, have changes as noteworthy still in store. The present French Republic has, it is true, lasted longer than preceding attempts to establish democracy in France. It has surmounted obstacles so grave, and overcome enemies so apparently strong, that its friends may look upon it as assured. But a united and vigorous movement of conservatism against its defences may, for all we know, yet carry by assault the envied fortress of power. Should such a transformation come to pass, the letter of the Comte de Paris to Queen Victoria will acquire still greater significance as the deliberately expressed conviction of a King of France to a Sovereign of England. In any case, the Comte's telegram and Her Majesty's reply are worth remembering as a fitting conclusion to a visit which was gratifying in so many ways.

We have again and again commented on the progress of technical education in Canada. Its extension is not confined to any province, and it is satisfactory that it is having due recognition in the higher seats of learning as well as in the industrial colleges and schools. McGill University deserves credit for having first set the example of organizing special courses in applied science. The need of such provision was indicated as long as thirty-five years ago in the present Principal's inaugural address. In 1857 the first practical steps towards supplying the need were taken by the establishment of the chair of Civil Engineering. At the same time special branches were associated with the Faculty of Arts. In 1871 the subjects of the Applied Science course were constituted a distinct department, which in 1877 was raised to the rank of a faculty. Since then much has been done in the organization and equipment of the departments of civil, mining and mechanical engineering and practical chemistry. It is purposed, as soon as possible, to add to these a school of electrical engineering. The building, of which the cornerstone was laid with due formality on the 30th ult. by His Excellency the Governor-General (Lord Stanley of Preston), will add materially to the efficiency of the instruction in the scientific classes. The University authorities are indebted for the means of erecting this new home for scientific study and research to the late Thomas Workman, who by his will left \$117,000 to establish a department of mechanical engineering in the Faculty of Applied Science. Part of the capital of this bequest was to be expended in buildings and apparatus, the remainder to form an endowment fund for the teaching staff, including a professor of mechanical engineering. Mr. McDonald, an old benefactor of the University, supplemented Mr. Workman's legacy with a further gift of \$150,000, besides endowing a chair of Experimental Physics in the Faculty of Arts. The account given by Prof. Bovey of the progress of the Faculty of Applied Science during the last twelve or thirteen years is full of encouragement, as showing from what small beginnings the present advanced state of the scientific classes had developed. During the early portion of the period they were pursuing

science under difficulties, but the day of weary waiting for help had ended at last, and the faculty would now be placed on a broad and secure basis by the erection of suitable buildings and equipment of laboratories. This improvement of the scientific department of McGill is not of merely local importance, affecting very largely, as it does, the interests of this Province, and, to a considerable extent, those of the whole Dominion.

The Irish population of Canada (which constitutes an important proportion of the whole) cannot fail to be concerned at the course of events in Ireland. The Chief Secretary's tour through the Western Province has revealed an amount and degree of wretchedness which must bring home both to the Government and its opponents the urgent need of industrial revival. Mr. Balfour has seen with his own eyes the condition of the peasantry and has had interviews with the clergy of the most destitute districts. The latter take the sensible view that mere almsgiving will prove of little benefit. What the people want is to be put in the way of helping themselves. To that end it is recommended that loans be advanced which would enable the inhabitants of the coast to procure gear for deep-sea fishing. The fisheries of Ireland are immensely productive, but the destitution of the people has in many instances been so great that they can buy neither boats nor tackle and the consequence has been that one of the most profitable of the island's resources has yielded comparatively little to the sustenance of the people. Another cause of complaint is the absence of means of communication with the markets of the interior, and it is proposed to build light railways which will be of permanent usefulness, while their construction will afford work and thus give immediate relief. But, when all that is practicable has been done, the people in the poorer and more crowded districts will still be struggling with poverty. To cling to such homes as Mr. Balfour saw in Connemara might be excusable if there was no place else in the world where those poor peasants could make a living. But, while there are millions of acres of fertile land in Canada awaiting the coming of the pioneer, it surely seems folly to persist in dragging on an existence in those desolate wilds. Perhaps Mr. Balfour is afraid to speak of emigration. That is the deplorable feature of the whole business. A mission has just reached the United States to raise money for further agitation; but, meanwhile, nothing is done to help the people and everything is done to prevent them taking advice or help from others. The prosperity of thousands of Irish people in Canada shows that for the industrious and prudent there are opportunities of self-advancement which are sought in vain in Ireland under any Government. It is a pity that more of the Irish peasantry could not be induced to take up land in the North-West.

We regret to learn that feuds of race and religion have been mixed up with the troubles in the North-West Mounted Police Force, to which attention was called in the last session of the House of Commons. According to certain correspondence in a French contemporary one of the commanding officers of the force had spoken and acted in a manner calculated to wound the susceptibilities of members who were French-Canadians and Roman Catholics. In one case, a lieutenant, belonging to a well-known Montreal family, was prevented, we are told, from commanding the escort that accompanied the Governor-General from Fort McLeod to Lethbridge, solely on account of his race and religion. In order to prove that, in this instance, an English had been substituted for a French officer to cast a slur on the nationality and creed of the latter, it is stated that on the evening following the day on which the change had been ordered one of the incriminated superior officers had grossly insulted the lieutenant in question, using language regarding his origin which could only be indicated by initial letters. Several other accusations of the same kind are mentioned in the correspondence, the witnesses against the alleged offender being of English origin and speech. Some of the acts charged are of such petty spitefulness that one

may well hesitate to believe that any Canadian officer would be guilty of them. The alleged victims were both commissioned and non-commissioned officers, but the tendency of such injustice has been, it is said, to cause general dissatisfaction in the force, which can only be allayed by the cashiering of the offenders. The North-West Mounted Police Force is a splendid body of men, and has done excellent service in the maintenance of order in the Territories. It would be deplorable if, from any cause, it should become demoralized and lose the high prestige which it has won both in and out of Canada.

We would be glad to hear an authoritative contradiction to the statement that a member of the French Chamber of Deputies had sent an insulting message to Marshal Count von Moltke on the occasion of his 90th anniversary. It would appear from the despatch which publishes that deputy's shame that he had first essayed to send his ribaldry by telegraph. But the officials, on learning the character of the message, returned it to the sender. He then, it is said, sent it through the post. The man who had so little self-respect, so little regard for the honour of France, as to insult a nonagenarian soldier and patriot, whose only offence was to have served his country by his military genius, courage and endurance, is M. Francis Laur, deputy for one of the Departments of the Seine. If the French Legislature allows a man who could thus debase himself to sit unrebuked in its councils, or if the Government neglects to call him to account, the Republic will be disgraced in the eyes of Europe.

Baron Sackville, whose *faux pas* while British Minister at Washington, land-d him in a cunningly devised party trap, and led to his summary removal by Mr. Cleveland, whose cause he had espoused, has been putting his foot in it in a manner which has inspired resentment beyond the pale of partisan warfare. Mr. George Washington Child, the munificent millionaire publisher of Philadelphia, had, as our readers are doubtless aware, presented Shakespeare's town with a memorial drinking fountain. Lord Sackville made a claim on the municipality for the rent of the ground on which the fountain stands. It seemed quite possible until lately that the claim was preferred in a moment of forgetfulness by the noble proprietor, or that it had been put forward, in the usual way, by his man of business. The proceedings at the banquet given a few days ago by the Mayor of Stratford leave no room for doubt, however, that Lord Sackville had demanded his rent with a full knowledge of what he was doing. For, on the occasion in question, his brother, the Earl of Delawarr, who is High Steward of Stratford-on-Avon, expressed regret at the Baron's action, and ventured to hope that he would himself acknowledge that it was a mistake. Meanwhile, the untitled American, who, in this case, certainly proved himself to be the "noblest Roman of them all," had offered to pay the ground rent. We sympathized with Lord Sackville when the publication of his private letter was turned to account by Republican wire-pullers and when an ungrateful government insisted on his recall because his inopportune championship imperilled its position with an Anglo-phobe electorate. But to ask for the ground rent of a fountain raised in honour of Shakespeare's town by a generous descendant of Shakespeare's compatriot—that is an offence against civilization and culture unworthy of an English nobleman.

The latest report of the mineral resources of the United States contains some interesting statistics as to the production and movement of petroleum in Canada. Petrolia, the centre of the Canadian oil district, is in Lambton county, Ont., and was settled in 1839. It is on Bear Creek, a tributary of the Sydenham, and about 160 miles from Toronto. The paying wells are confined to a belt running north-east and south-west for about twenty miles, with a width of from one mile to four miles. The product of crude petroleum in the year 1862 was 11,775 barrels of 45 gallons; in 1888 this product had enlarged to 772,392 gallons. These figures represent estimates, there being, it seems, no trustworthy statistics of production. According

to the petroleum inspection returns, published in the report of the Geological and Natural History Survey, the total of Canadian refined oils inspected during the year 1887 was 7,905,666 imperial gallons, or 225 barrels of 35 gallons (imperial). This, at a yield of 100 crude for 38 refined, corresponds to 20,804,384 imperial gallons or 591,411 barrels, and taking the average price per barrel for crude oil on the Petrolia oil exchange as 78 cents, the value of the total yield would be \$463,641. This shows an increase on the product of the previous year of 107,970 barrels—the increase in the total value being \$25,844.

We are nearing the end of the nineteenth century. With another generation its praises will begin to be chanted, as those of the 16th, 17th and 18th have been chanted. We who have lived in and jostled (directly or indirectly) with its great men see but dimly the purport of its grand movements. We are even tempted sometimes to listen to the wail of those disappointed aspirants who, because they have failed themselves (failed through false pretences, probably, for an age of sublime thinkers and workers is also through the superabundance of its intellectuality, an age of shams), try to hide his shortcomings by universal detraction. It is so easy to go into ecstasies over a past about whose realities we may know very little more than what may be conjectured by the names of a few "men of the time"; and it is so easy to speak slightly of men and women because we have seen them in the flesh or have read the interviewer's account of them. Long ago, the world's leaders kept themselves apart, so that mystery added to their prestige. The danger in our day is that they may be vulgarized by association with the rabble—rich as well as poor. But this degradation of dignities, the logical sequel of social democracy, is only a transition stage. The test will purge the gold from the dross, though the process may take time. In some cases it has taken so long that one almost doubts the judgment both of contemporaries and posterity. The compensation missed in one age may come, it is true, in the next—compensation to a shade for the neglect which doomed a sensitive soul to disappointment, to want, perhaps to death. It is expedient, however, not once, but always, that some one (scores, rather, hundreds, thousands) should die for the people, die and pass into blank forgetfulness. The history of invention is full of sacrifice, and there is not a boon of comfort we enjoy that has not been won by tears and blood for some, while bringing wealth and glory to others. But that is only one phase of the great struggle of this world's development. The moral of it all is that we should keep awake to what is most fruitful and assuring in our own time, to the greatness of the world in which our lot is cast, hoping for still grander triumphs, instead of making invidious comparisons with a past in which we would not willingly live an hour.

THE STANLEY-BARTELOT CONTROVERSY.

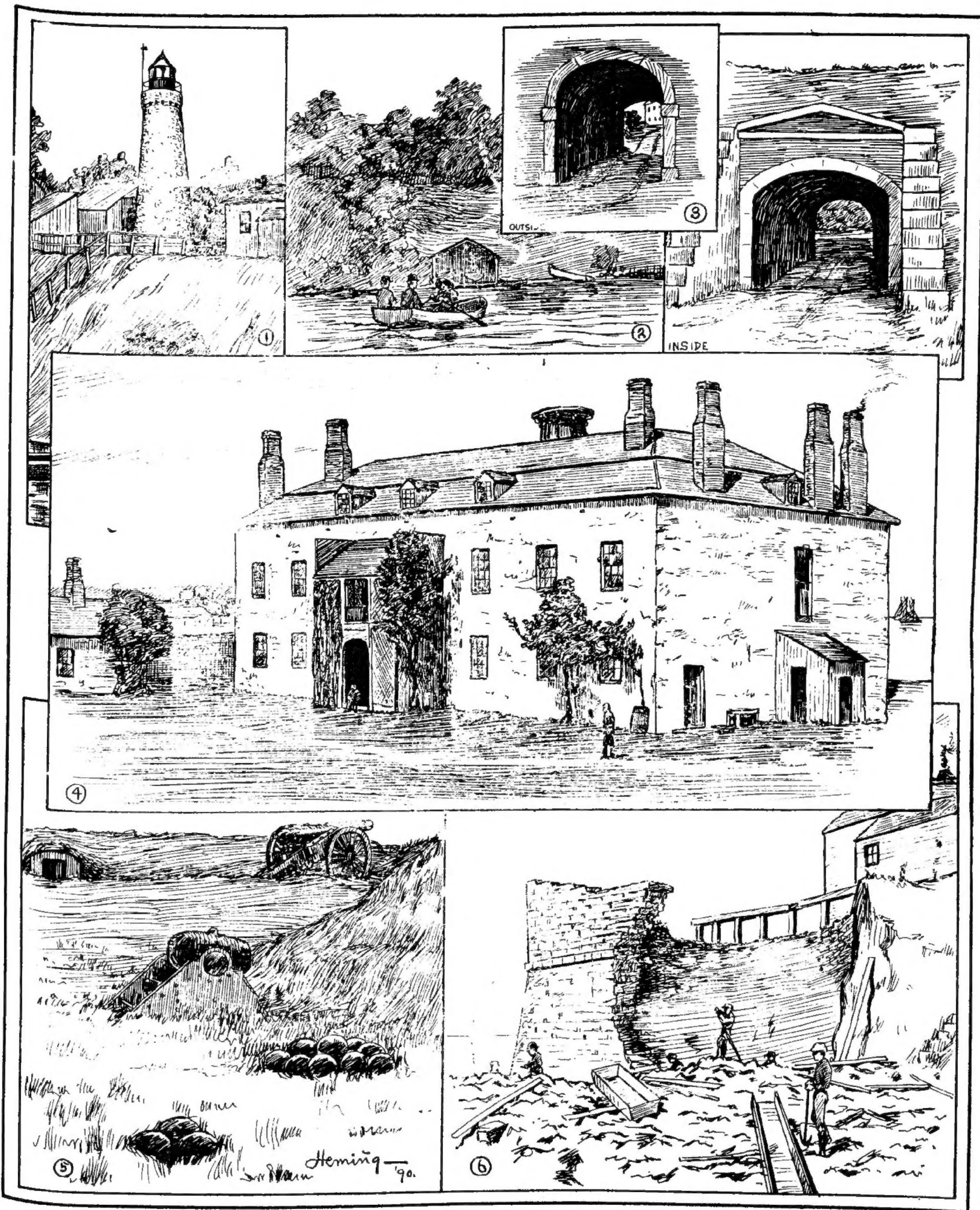
It looks as if some members of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition were about to forfeit, through demerits of their own, some share of the honest fame which a generous world certainly did not begrudge them. The chief of the expedition set out on his humane and arduous quest with a prestige which many a distinguished soldier might envy. As one of Gordon's co-workers, Emin Pasha was deemed well worthy of the trouble taken to rescue him from a position of peril. He had conferred some service on science, had some reputation as an administrator, and, from his unusually romantic career, was altogether a noteworthy figure. As to his actual situation opinion was divided, but it was generally believed that no time should be lost in bringing assistance to a man who had dared and endured so much in the cause of civilization. That H. M. Stanley should have been chosen to command the rescuing force was in the natural course of things. It was he who had discovered Livingstone's whereabouts when that earnest missionary and intrepid explorer had been deemed hopelessly lost. He had since then continued Livingstone's work, which he had even surpassed by raising the veil of mystery from Africa's central

river system and contributing materially to the formation of the Congo Free State. There was some controversy as to the route by which Emin Pasha should be reached, not a few being in favour of starting from the east coast—a plan which the homeward journey proved to be less difficult than the course adopted. Stanley was, however, in the service of King Leopold, and felt obliged to follow His Majesty's suggestions. The decision to push northward by one of the chief branches of the Congo, through an unknown region and with thousands of tons of baggage, necessitated a strong corps of trained carriers. A certain number of Zanzibari had been engaged, and for the remainder, without which the rear guard could not advance except at a snail's pace and with well nigh intolerable toil and weariness, Stanley himself had made an arrangement with Tippu-Tib. That he did not entirely trust the Arab trader he freely avowed to Major Barttelot. Indeed, he gave that officer to understand that not improbably Tippu-Tib would play him false. In that case, what was the second in command to do? On that point he was left practically to his own resources. The force of men provided for him was clearly and wholly inadequate to the task which it was expected to perform. The peace pact with Tippu on the Arab's fidelity to the terms of which the arrival of the carriers depended had been made by the chief of the expedition with a full knowledge of the trader's character and of the possibility that Major Barttelot might be subject to annoying delays and patience-exhausting breaches of promise.

We know what happened. Major Barttelot was asked to perform the impossible. He lost his life indirectly through Stanley's arrangement. Stanley had the pick of the force with himself. Major Barttelot had not the explorer's experience in dealing with natives, and he was, it appears, impetuous in temper. The tragedy seems to have been due to misunderstanding. If what Stanley has lately more than hinted be true, the man who shot Barttelot was unjustly punished with death. On the other hand, if the account published by Major Barttelot's brother regarding the whole question of the rear column be accurate, the deceased officer was unfairly treated during his life and Stanley has been harsh to his memory since his tragic death. Even the explorer's own account of his disposal of the rear column, and of his instructions to its commander, leaves the impression that the unfortunate officer was more sinned against than sinning, and that a share, at least, of the blame for the postponements, uncertainty and endless misunderstandings connected with that portion of the expedition should fall on Mr. Stanley himself. It is to be regretted that any disagreement should have arisen on the subject, but it was unavoidable that the reproaches which the chief of the expedition did not hesitate to cast upon all who were associated with the rear column should be answered by some person. Mr. Stanley's story has been widely read on both sides of the Atlantic. He gives high praise to some of his lieutenants, and, indeed, he could not do otherwise, for never, by his own showing, were duties so arduous, so fraught with peril, performed with more cheerfulness, courage and fortitude than Stanley's companions brought to the tasks entrusted to them. But no less credit is due to "poor Jameson," who fell a martyr to his generous zeal, and, as for Major Barttelot, it is the least we owe to his memory that we should carefully weigh every word of his posthumous defence. At the same time, we must beware of giving heed to damaging statements like those of Dr. Peters, though he claims for them the authority of Emin Pasha. Between the latter and Stanley there seems from the very first to have existed an incompatibility of temper which gave rise to unseemly quarrels. Which of the two was the more blameworthy it is hard to say, and we should be all the more reluctant to express a judgment on the German-Arab naturalist because his rescuer has been at such pains to present his foibles to the world. Our admiration for Stanley is, however, not the less hearty, and our appreciation of his great work as an explorer is not the less sincere now that we know something of his faults as well as of his virtues. His career is his best justification.



CAPT. STUART, ADJUTANT 13th BATT., HAMILTON, ONT.
(Drawn by our special artist.)



1. The Lighthouse.
2. The Ferry landing.

3. The Sallyport.
4. The Old Castle.

5. On the Ramparts.
6. Repairing the wall.

FORT NIAGARA, N. Y. (By our special artist.)



JOSEPH SAINT-CHARLES, ESQ., ARTIST.—It is always pleasant to note signs of advancement in our native art. We have already, on more than one occasion, both by letter-press and illustration, given some evidence of the progress achieved in this direction in recent years. In the present instance we submit to our readers the portrait of one of the most promising of our younger artists, Mr. Saint Charles. As yet he is only at the dawn of his career, though he has already afforded indications of its character. He has hardly completed his 23rd year, but his gazes of inspiration have been accepted by masters in painting as full of assurance. Mr. Saint Charles is now studying with Gérôme, and that he is destined to do honour to his native land there is no reason to doubt. He has that essential of fruitful genius—industry, with tenacity of purpose—and is sure to make good use of his hours with the painter of the "Coch-fight," "Phryne" and the "Duel of Pierrot."

MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON, CANTATRICE AND ACTRESS.—The lady, whose portrait, by favour of Mr. Henry Thomas, we are enabled to present to our readers in this issue, will shortly visit Montreal, to appear in the Academy of Music in her famous rôle of *Paul Jones* in the comic opera of that name. An American by birth, a singer by gifts and an actress by training, Miss Huntington was for months one of the chief attractions of the London operatic stage. An enthusiastic English critic characterized her as "a daughter of the gods—divinely tall and most divinely fair," with a rich, soft, velvety young voice." The opera whose title rôle she has made her own by a succession of rare triumphs, is the joint production of the late H. B. Farnie and of Robert Planquette, author of the popular "Chimes of Normandy." The libretto is an adaptation from the French of Messrs. Chivot and Darn. The melodies of the piece are said to be graceful, piquant and full of colour—with a fair distribution of emphasis on the romantic and the humorous elements. There is, indeed, ample scope for both in the story of *Paul Jones*. From a historical and patriotic point of view, the career of that bold sea captain is of greater interest to the American or the Frenchman than to the loyal sons of Old England, and it is evidence of Miss Huntington's remarkable faculty of vocal expression and characterization that in impersonating the commander of the "*Bonhomme Richard*" she always carried captive her English audience. Though he fought against King George, John Paul was a native of Scotland, having been born in the parish of Kirkbean in the year 1747. In 1773 he crossed the Atlantic to take possession of an estate that he had inherited in Virginia by the death of his elder brother. He had already some experience of a seafaring life, having at an early age taken charge of a vessel trading to the West Indies. In 1775 he offered his services to the Continental Congress and was made first lieutenant of the navy. Out of gratitude to General Jones, of North Carolina, who had befriended him, he assumed that officer's name, and was known henceforth as Paul Jones. He became one of the boldest and most skillful searovers of that troublous time, and by his daring secured many prizes. Our own coasts had reason to dread his appearance, as he was a terror to the fishermen of Nova Scotia. His most famous encounter with the British fleet was his action in 1779 with the *Serapis*, commanded by Captain Pearson, who surrendered to him, after the mainmast of his vessel had been cut in two by a double-headed shot. Paul Jones's ship, the *Bonhomme Richard*, was so badly damaged that it went to the bottom of the North Sea soon after the engagement. Though declared a pirate by the British Government, Jones was decreed a medal by Congress. He subsequently entered the service of Russia, and, after an adventurous life, died at Paris in 1799 at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. The French Government gave him a public funeral. Miss Huntington makes a dashing figure in her naval uniform. Handsome of face and admirably formed, with frank, laughing eyes, faultless teeth, white and graceful neck and broad shoulders that suit her stature, she has all the physical advantages for the cast in which she excels. Her voice she manages to perfection. It is "contralto of uncommon compass, powerful, especially in the lower and middle register," and is said to have filled with ease the great auditorium of the Broadway Theatre. The play comprises some capital dances, which, like the songs, come in naturally. In New York "*Paul Jones*" was a decided success, though it is not always that London's taste suits the Manhattanites. There are other good characters in the play, the parts of which are effectively taken by Miss Marguerite Van Pleydell (*Yvonne*), Mr. Eric Thorne (*Bonillabaisse*, an old smuggler), Mr. Waters, who makes a capital Yankee skipper, and Mr. Karl Mara, who plays *Rofino* to good advantage. We have no hesitation in saying, from what we have learned on the subject, that an operatic treat

of unusual attractiveness is in store for the patrons of the Academy.

JOHN JACQUES STUART, ESQ., CAPTAIN AND ADJUTANT, 13TH BATTALION OF INFANTRY, HAMILTON.—To the fine corps in which the subject of this illustration holds the responsible position of adjutant, none of our readers are likely to be entire strangers, for we have had occasion more than once, pictorially as well as by letter-press, to give it a prominent place in our pages. The *esprit de corps* is strong in it, and with good reason, for there is not a regiment in our militia that has shown more pride in its duty and hardly any, if any at all, that have been more ready to bear the brunt of danger in the critical hours that try men's souls. Of veterans who have seen active service the 13th has a fair proportion, the Fenian Raid having given an opportunity to many of the officers and men of distinguishing themselves in repelling the invaders of their country. Adjutant Stuart is of the elder members of a later generation. His name has been on the roll for a good many years. He was gazetted captain as long ago as the 13th of January, 1882, and has been adjutant since the 18th of April, 1884. He has earned the esteem of his brother officers by the faithful discharge of his duty, and is popular with the men of the regiment.

DOUGLAS PINES, VANCOUVER, B.C.—British Columbia is noted for its wonderful wealth of conifers, among which the Douglas spruce (called also Douglas Pine—the most



JOSEPH SAINT-CHARLES, ESQ., ARTIST.

common of its names—Oregon Pine and Douglas Fir) is of exceptional exuberance. Though coarse in grain, it is straight, and suprisingly tough, being capable of bearing strains which other woods could not resist. Some of these trees are of prodigious size—attaining a height of 200 to 250 feet and being as much as eight feet in diameter. It is in great demand for masts and spars, and the timber is also largely used for bridges, frames, ties, boxes and in ship-building. In wood-craft (though not in science) two kinds are discriminated—the red and the yellow, one having a hard, knotty red core, while the heart of the other is less hard and has a faint tinge of yellow. The Douglas pine abounds on the mainland coast and as far north as the upper end of Vancouver Island.

THE STEAMER MACKINAW.—This vessel, a steamship of 2,573 tons, of which we give an illustration in the present issue, has passed through some singular experiences. The property of the Saginaw Steel Steamship Company, she was built for freight purposes at West Bay City, Michigan, where being launched she was taken to the Buffalo dry dock and there cut in two, so as to enable her to pass through the St. Lawrence canals. On the 11th of October she left Buffalo in tow of four tugs—the fore part being in charge of Captain Armstrong and the stern in charge of Captain Sears, who will have the command of the ship when she is put together, and who hopes to make many ocean trips in her. Port Colborne was passed the same day and Port Dalhousie on the 15th. That place was left at daybreak, the forward part going first and the stern, with rudder foremost, afterwards. The towing lines gave considerable trouble at first, but the weather was moderate on Lake Ontario, and good headway was made. On

the night of the 16th Clayton was reached, where it was found necessary to lighten the stern part by transferring a quantity of coal to the fore portion. Brockville was passed at noon on the 17th, and Ogdensburg reached the same evening, where they remained the night. On leaving Ogdensburg they separated, the stern part going first, passing through the narrow rapids and reaching the Cornwall canal at 6.40 p.m. on the 19th. The lower gate was passed at 11 a.m. on the 20th, and proceeding through Lake St. Francis, passed Valleyfield, Beauharnois canal was reached at about 4.30 p.m., where they tied up to await the fore part. Coteau Lake and the Lachine Canal were passed successfully, and both portions reached Montreal safely. The vessel thus accomplished the distance from Buffalo, passing through forty-three canal locks, in about eleven days, without any trouble or difficulty of any kind, except an occasional hitch with the towing rope. This is just the converse of the proceeding adopted in the case of the *Rosedale* about a year ago, that vessel having been built at Sunderland for the Upper Lakes trade and crossed the Atlantic laden with cement for Chicago. On her arrival here the cargo was transferred to lighters and the *Rosedale* taken to Tates' dry dock where, being cut in two, she was towed up the canals and taken to Buffalo.

"ALARMED" (CANADIAN ELK).—This spirited picture of one of the most noteworthy of larger game of the Dominion, is reproduced from a black-and-white drawing by Mr. F. A. Verner, after the original painting exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1889. It is a good specimen of a branch of art in which Mr. Verner has shown special skill, for which his work has won praise from critics of unquestioned authority. The Canadian elk (*Cervus Canadensis*) was, up to about a century ago, a familiar enough sight in Eastern Canada, though now it is only occasionally met with between Manitoba and the Pacific coast (as far north as latitude 57 degrees) and on Vancouver and the adjacent islands. Mr. Tyrrel, who gives this information, says that it was through misunderstanding that Richardson applied the name *Wapiti* to the elk, its proper Indian name being *Waskawew*.

DELEGATES FROM MANITOBA TO DULUTH, MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. PAUL.—Our engraving represents a jovial party of delegates from the leading commercial bodies of Manitoba, who were invited by the North Pacific and Manitoba Railway Co. to visit Duluth and the twin cities near the Falls of St. Anthony. The Boards of Trade of Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie and Brandon were well represented, as also were the Winnipeg Grain Exchange and City Council. The Railway Company paid every courtesy and attention to their guests, and General Manager Graham, accompanied by Traffic Manager Swinford, went with the party in their private car. The first place visited was Duluth, where they were right royally entertained by the hospitable and energetic citizens. Escorted from the station on arrival to the Spaulding House, carriages were promptly in waiting for them, and a most charming drive was the first event in the programme. One enthusiastic visitor, in the exuberance of his feelings, was heard to hint that, in point of beauty, the scenery approached that of Montreal; but this was generally considered to be laying it on too heavily, and was listened to with mingled feelings of incredulity and surprise. The drive was followed by a formal reception to the visitors given by the Duluth Board of Trade and Corn Exchange. Speeches of welcome to the Manitobans and of there thanks for the courtesies they had received were exchanged. The novel and interesting expedient of turning out the fire brigade was the next act on the part of the hosts, and their guests could not fail to be impressed with the equipment and the manning of the force and its apparatus and reflected extreme credit on the fire department in general, and especially on the competent chief. A sumptuous banquet followed, after which the visitors left for St. Paul with the kindest recollections of Duluth and its citizens. A pleasant journey to St. Paul was soon ended, and again the "Britishers" were in receipt of great kindness. After breakfast, the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce took command and drove the party all through the city, giving them an unusually good opportunity of seeing the most beautiful parts of St. Paul. The highest building in the city—that of the *Pioneer Press*—was next ascended and the fine view enjoyed from the top. A run of seven miles on the new electric railway followed with return on the cable car, and the working of these—to us—novel features was explained by Mr. Chase, the assistant superintendent of the road. In the evening the party went on to Minneapolis, visited the Exposition (just opened), and were much interested in the representation of the Fall of Pompeii, which was exhibited with vivid scenic effect. On the following day the Manitobans commenced with a run on the electric railway and visit to its extensive shops, followed by a drive through and around the city and taking in its most charming bits of scenery. A novel experience followed—that of being photographed while on top of a building 220 feet high, viz., the Guaranty Building. At night the party reëmbarked for home, arriving at the several destinations on the following day, concluding a most enjoyable trip.

Through the Magazines.

MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

The chief feature of interest to Canadian readers in the November number of this instructive periodical is Dr. Prosper Bender's paper on "The French Peasantry," (Part III.) which deals with the habits and mode of life of our compatriots. As some of our readers are aware, Dr. Bender is one of us, having made his mark as a *littérateur* before he left his native Quebec for the New England capital. His article is at once sympathetic and independent, the author neither veiling the faults nor withholding commendation from the virtues of the *habitant*. The whole series is of considerable historic value, showing much research, as well as a large personal knowledge of the subjects discussed, and it contains a variety of curious illustrations of the legends, customs and superstitions of the people of this Province not to be found in any other source of information. The Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, D.D., contributes a paper on "Divine Drift in Human History." A fine portrait of Dr. Parkhurst forms the frontispiece to this number. The second article, "American Outgrowths of Continental Europe," by the Editor, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, covers a broad field of scholarly inquiry; it is based upon the "Narrative and Critical History of America," and is handsomely illustrated. It is followed by General Winfield Scott's "Remedy for Intemperance," from Hon. Charles Aldrich; "The Puritan Birthright," by Nathan M. Hawkes; and "The Action of Tarrytown, 1781," with a graphic account of the heroism of Captain George Hurlbut, by Dr. R. B. Contant, president of the Tarrytown Historical Society. The "Library of a Philadelphia Antiquarian," by E. Powell Buckley, will be perused with interest by all bibliophiles. That wonderful literary worker, Hubert Howe Bancroft, writes of "The Literature of California," *cujus maxima pars est*, and the Rev. E. J. Kunk gives a historic poem, "Revolutionary Newburgh." Every issue of the *Magazine of American History* comprises something worth reading and preserving, and it is always rich in illustrations to be looked for elsewhere in vain. To students of the history of this continent it is indispensable. The subscription price is \$5 yearly. Address, 743 Broadway, New York City.

ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN ACADEMY.

We have already referred at some length to the most noteworthy contents of the first number of this important publication, especially to Dr. Bourinot's article on the comparative merits of the United States and the Canadian Constitutions and the Hungarian zone-tariff system of railway administration. The second quarterly number (October) is no less rich in contributions both of current and permanent interest on constitutional, economic and social questions. Dr. James H. Robinson has an exhaustive study on the American Constitution, in which he undertakes to show how much of it is original and what features of it are derived from the usage of the mother country. As the paper turns largely on the relations between the several States and the central power, it is not without its bearing on some points in our own constitutional development. Dr. Robinson maintains, as against the late Sir Henry Maine and others, that a distinct evolution, which was destined to bear fruit at the great crisis, had been in process in colonial times, and that writers who ignore this fact are sure to go astray in their comments. Prof. Andrews, of Bryn Mawr College, comes into conflict with Prof. John Fiske ("American Institutions") in treating of the origin of Connecticut towns, deeming to be baseless the theory that they furnished a model for the national federation. Of timely concern is Prof. C. Stuart Patterson's criticism of the Supreme Court's decision on the Original Package case, which he pronounces bad law and unworthy to be cited as a precedent. Miss H. Leonard has translated from the writings of the Austrian Economist, Prof. Boehm, a parallel, or rather contrast, between the deductive and historical school, in which the latter gets the worst of it. On this side of the ocean Prof. Sumner, of Yale, and Prof. Ely, of John Hopkins, are the respective coryphees of the two parties. The number also contains a mass of general information on the great movements of economic science and public law, and some admirable reviews of recent works. The publication is the organ of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, which is to be congratulated on the success of its enterprise. It is published at Philadelphia, where the Academy has its home.

THE CANADIAN INDIAN.

The second number of this excellent magazine (November) has been issued in good time. As already pointed out, it is published under the auspices of the Canadian Indian Research and Aid Society, and is edited by the Rev. E. F. Wilson, of Sault Ste. Marie, and Mr. H. B. Small, of Ottawa. The present number contains the continuation of Mr. Wilson's account of his visit to the Zuni, articles on "Indian Languages," "Indian Mounds," "Indian Training," "The North-West Half-breeds," "The Oka Controversy," and other questions that come within the scope

implied by its name. It is worthy of generous support. The annual subscription is \$2, which includes the privilege of membership in the society. Intending subscribers may address the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Sault Ste. Marie; Mr. Small or Mr. W. L. Marler, Merchants Bank, Ottawa. The *Canadian Indian* is printed and published by Mr. John Rutherford, Owen Sound, Ont.

THE AMERICAN BOOKSELLER.

This fortnightly publication gives regularly the names, authors and publishers of the most important recent works both of the new world and the old. It also contains interesting correspondence from the chief publishing centres, pithy notices of the principal books, with brief biographies from time to time of the leaders of the literary and publishing worlds in Europe and America. The last number (October 15) has a full page portrait of the late Thomas Longman, and a sketch of the eventful careers of the two great firms of the Rivingtons and the Longmans, now amalgamated. This sketch takes us back (in imagination) to the days of Queen Anne—the Augustan age, as it used to be called, of our English literature, and no less noteworthy an epoch in the annals of journalism and the publishing trade. The price of the *Bookseller* is \$2 a year. The office of publication is 22 East 18th street, New York.

THE OWL.

Mr. Duncan A. Campbell, contributes a suggestive paper



MISS AGNES HUNTINGTON.

on "One Phase of the Educational Problem" to the *Owl*, the bright and readable organ of Ottawa University. An editorial on "Baccalaureate Reform in France" is not untimely, in view of some recent discussions in Montreal. Mr. D. Murphy writes of "The Influence of the Head on Art." There is some fair poetry from students and others, and several pages of general reading, information on college sports and societies, and some touches of never absent and always welcome humour make up a good average number, and the average of the *Owl* is a high one. The *Owl* is published by the students of the University.

THE NEW YORK INDEPENDENT.

The *New York Independent*, in a criticism of Mr. W. Blackburn Harte's recent review of the writers of prominence in Canada, says: This is in many respects a valuable and excellent paper. Mr. Harte shows several qualities that go to make good criticism. He is bold, honest, happy, and free from circumlocution. His appreciations of the Canadian writers are subtle, exact, well considered, true; and they mark him as a sincere student of literature and a helpful critic. In speaking of the Canadian verse-writers, however, he has seriously marred the judicial character of his dicta by one omission. The foremost man of letters in Canada is Mr. Goldwin Smith, as Mr. Harte readily acknowledges. The foremost poet in Canada, in reputation as well as in achievements and power, is Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts. If there was one person in Canadian letters whose work could not possibly be skipped, it was he. Mr. Harte dismisses him with half a dozen lines. This goes counter to current opinion, and while saying much for the writer's courage and honesty, says less for his

judgment. It should be distinctly borne in mind that all the younger Canadians whom Mr. Harte praises with so much insight when he says that "they observe natural phenomena with the careful eyes of a botanist, the knowledge of a woodsman and the love and awe of a pagan," are only following in Roberts' larger footsteps; and that the spirit of patriotism and poetry within them owes its first stir of life to the stalwart manliness which achieved success in "Orion," while they were yet all boys together.

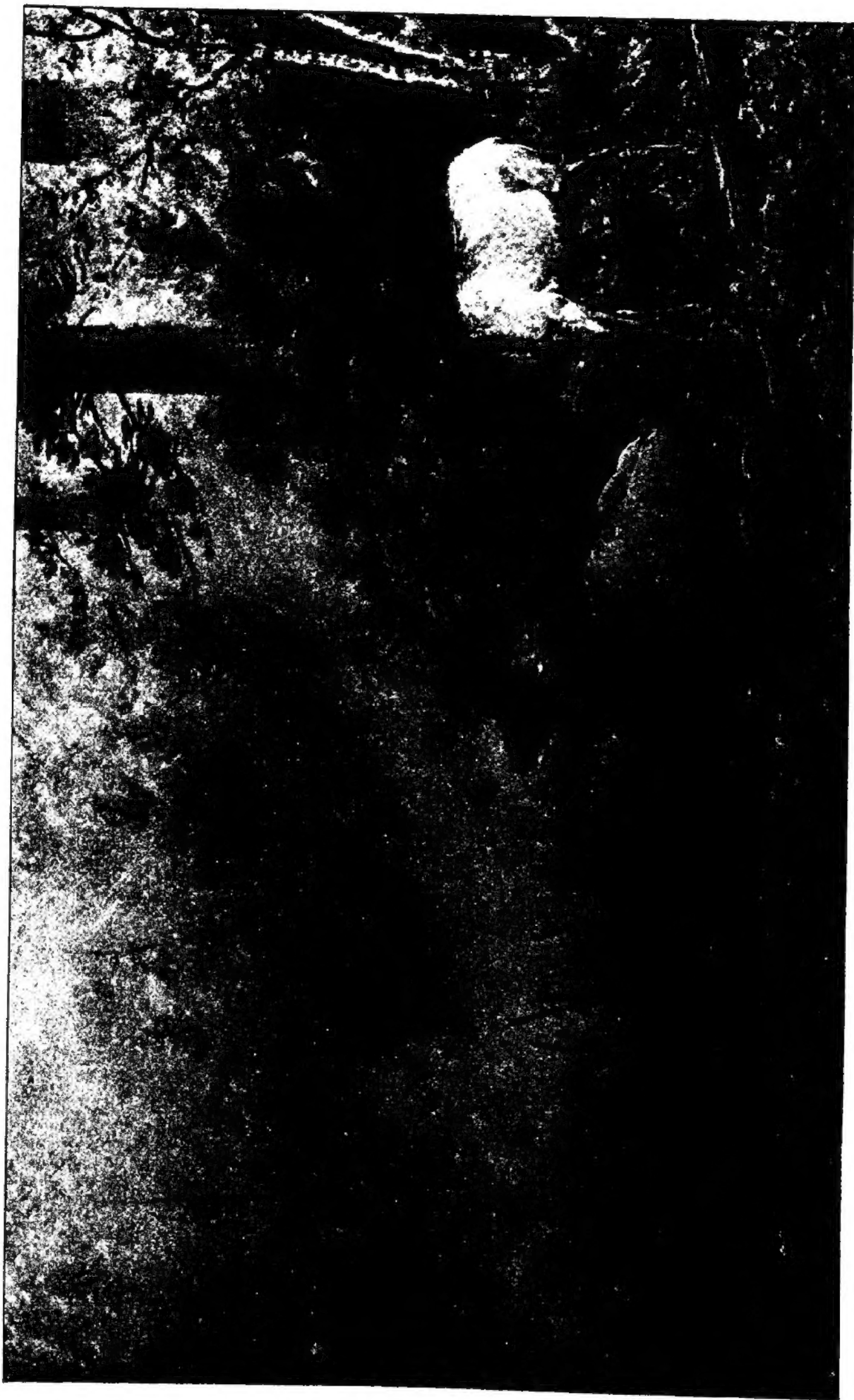
Our Past and Our Present.

At the banquet given at Quebec to the Comte de Paris, Dr. George Stewart spoke as follows:—

MR. MAYOR, MONSIEUR AND GENTLEMEN,—I must ask you to accept my very best thanks for the cordial way with which this toast has been received, and for the courteous manner in which you have been good enough to associate my name with it. I am proud to be here this evening, to assist at a gathering of citizens called together to do homage, and to pay the heartiest respect, to the head of a great historical family, a true soldier of chivalrous daring, and an author and essayist of high renown. I am but voicing the opinions of my fellow-compatriots when I say to the Comte de Paris and his son, and their companions from over the sea, that Quebec welcomes, with open hands and open hearts, her distinguished guests, and bids them feel that they are among friends. It would not do, on an occasion of this kind, when the mind lightly turns to more agreeable topics, to burden you with extracts from the Canadian year-book, nor would you thank me, I fancy, if I were to regale you with quotations from those instructive annuals, appropriately bound in blue, which our Governments regularly supply to an eager Parliament and press. What then is there to say? The work performed by the illustrious ancestors of our honoured guest to-night, was a much more difficult task than the one which the descendants of those heroic souls have to play now. In the early history of this country the pioneers had everything to overcome. Every step of progress was impeded by disease, by the rigors of a climate which might well baffle the boldest heart, by the tomahawk of the Indian warrior, and by a forest that seemed interminable in its vastness and density. But those brave men and brave women fought their way, inch by inch and foot by foot. They had marvellous faith in themselves. Perhaps they had faith in the future of a land, which, despite its hardships and drawbacks, must have offered much in the way of inducement. The wise king comforted them by every means in his power, though thousands of miles of ocean separated him from his agents, and mindful of their spiritual welfare, he sent devoted servants of the cross to their far-off homes and established churches where they might worship God and practice the duty of Christians.

No wonder the country prospered when the priest and the woodsman, the soldier and the trapper, travelled over the same pathway together. Well, I will not dwell on those days. The story is familiar to you all. The Canada of to-day claims our attention. We are here a happy, a loyal, an industrious and a religious people. We enjoy the freest system of government in the world. Our parliamentary methods have been borrowed from the splendid experiences of England and the United States. We think we have embodied the better features of both. We make our own laws. We regulate our own tariff. We afford our people perfect liberty of action as regards their politics, their religion and their way of life and movement. Our press is independent and free. The door to our highest offices is never shut. We have unbounded confidence in the ballot box, and our appointed officers rarely afford grounds for criticism. Two great oceans wash our shores, and the land is rich, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the choicest products of the field, the farm, the forest and the prairie. Our soil from end to end is abundantly watered by thousands of rivers and lakes, and population only is the demand of Canada. In time population will come. Our people are all self-reliant. The best blood of France, of England, of Scotland and of Ireland flows in their veins, and side by side the lusty young sons of an older civilization, born 3,000 miles away, are working out a destiny, which three centuries ago was begun under conditions which more than once appalled the heart, but never crushed the spirit. Side by side English-Canadians and French-Canadians are developing the resources of the land, rivalling each other in a friendly way only, dwelling together amicably, and working out, with equal intelligence and hope, the political and social problems which from time to time press for solution. I thank you again, gentlemen, for the courteous hearing that you have given me.

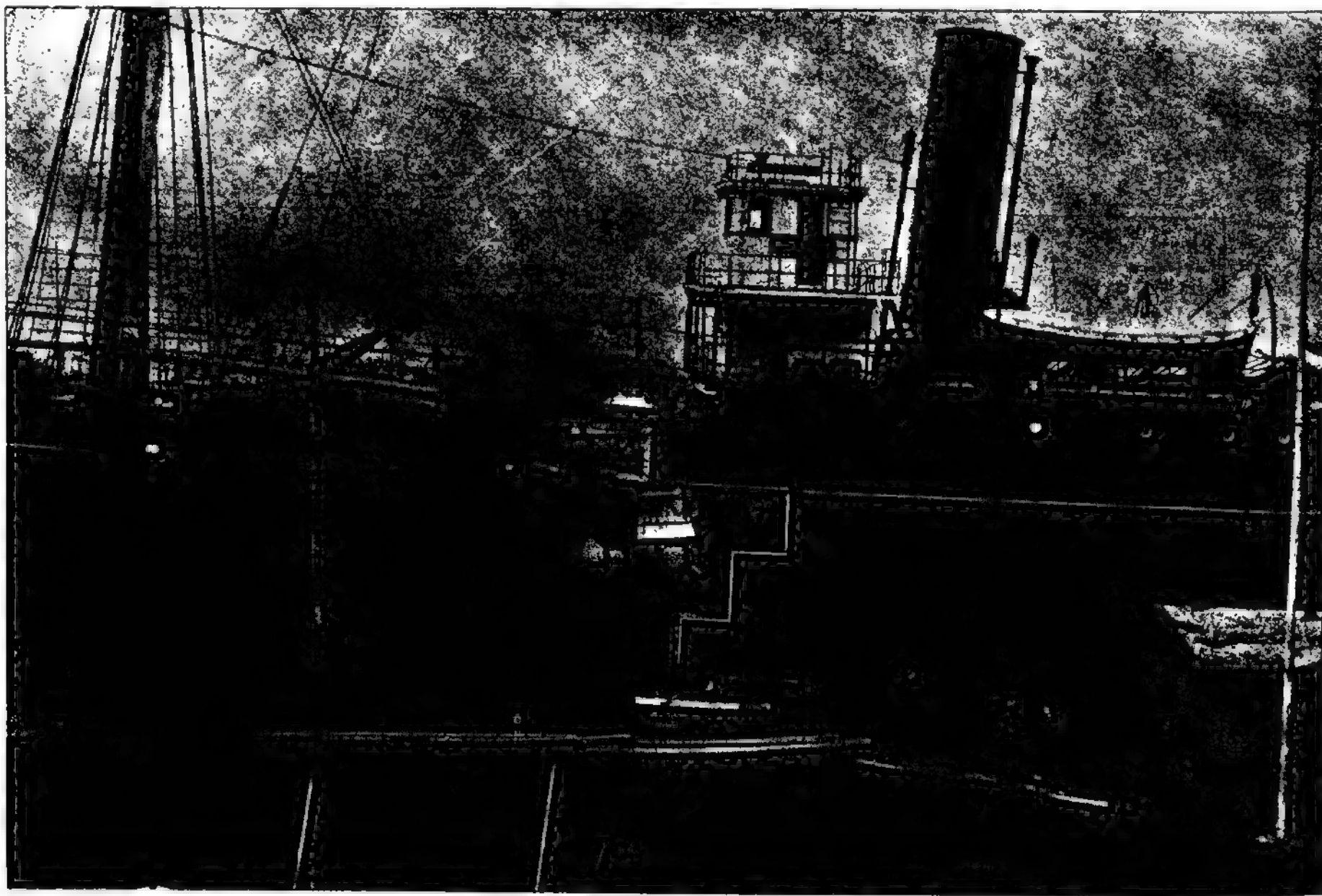
I have two well known citizens in my mind's eye. One is a well-educated, sober, hard-working man, who with all of his advantages and energies, manages only to eke out a bare support. The other is a gentleman from the country, who is minus an education and seems to take life easy. He has been here only a few years, but has already made a fortune. Such contrasts puzzle. Why is it thus?—*Atlanta Journal*.



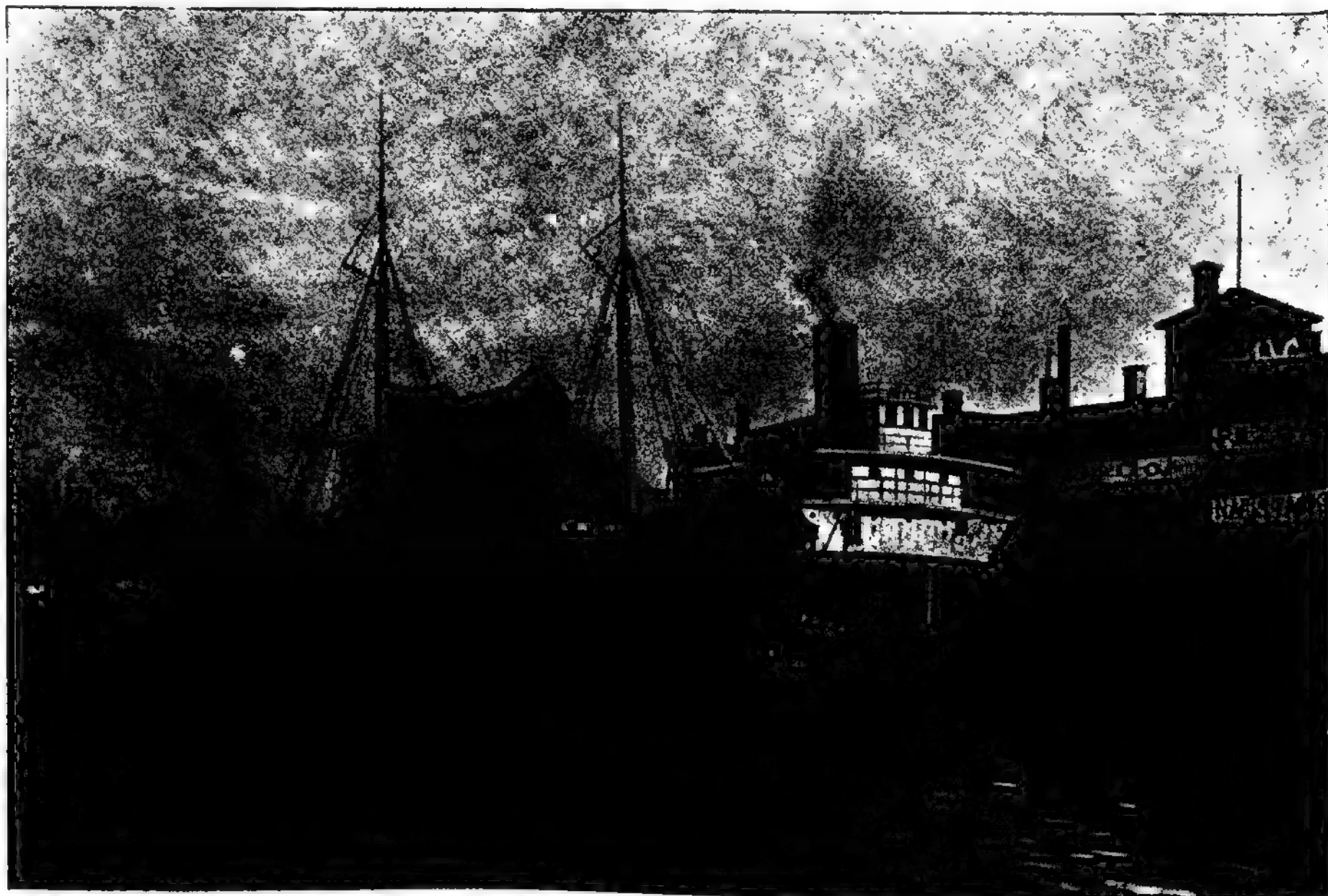
THE CANADIAN ELK. (From drawing by F. A. Verner, Esq., R.A.)



THE CANADIAN ELK.—THE ALARM. (From drawing by F. A. Verrier, Esq., R.A.)



STEAMSHIP "MACKINAW."—VIEW OF HULL SHOWING THE JOIN.
(From photo. by W. Notman & Son.)



STEAMSHIP "MACKINAW" ON ARRIVAL AT MONTREAL.
(From photo. by W. Notman & Son.)



PAINTER POETS.

Not long since we had the pleasure of directing the readers of this journal to the charming little volume of the Canterbury Poets Series, containing "Selections from the Greek Anthology." We have now to recommend them to a booklet of the same dainty library on "The Painter Poets." Its editor, Mr. Kineton Parkes, has very fitly dedicated his collection to Mr. J. Addington Symonds, who has given us so many fruitful suggestions as to the relations between scenery and sentiment, literature and art. Mr. Parkes's introductory essay is well worthy of study. He hazards the opinion that, to a certain degree, the art of poetry, as well as the art of painting, may be learned. "The manipulative skill required to give expression to the idea is," he goes on to explain, "taught in schools, but the spirit which projects a great work and inspires its maker is born. Instinct may prompt a child to draw rude figures with chalk or charcoal on the first plain surface he encounters, and instinct may prompt an inspired uneducated savage to sing rhythmical lines on the impulse of the moment. To produce a great picture, and a great poem, however, the elementary principles of the arts must first be learnt. The painter must know how to use his brush and with what colours to supply his palette; how to produce his distances and how to draw his figures naturally. The poet must be acquainted with the mechanism of verse and the value of the many forms; the meanings of the words composing the language in which he is to write, and their various uses. To produce works of art, all these things must be known, and to the native impulse to paint or to write must be added the expertness, facility, and ease of the painter or poet accomplished in the accessories of his trade. The art of poetry and the art of painting correspond in many important respects, proving themselves to be not merely sisters but twin-sisters of the arts. We have historical pictures and historical poems, pictures which depict a fair landscape, and poems which describe in words of colour as fair a scene. Allegories in painting and allegories in poetry are common; portraits painted in pigments we have, and we have also elegies and odes which are really portrait-memorials, cherished because of their subject, but afterwards cherished by posterity because of their beauty as works of art. We have the lighter descriptions of art too, the kinds we use for ornamentation and for easing life, decoration applied to making our surroundings sweet and cheerful, and *vers de société* which serves to lighten care. And again, there is the great subject picture, mythological mayhap, but still full of humanity, and this is matched in poetry by the epic; and, once more, we have the painting of a great incident, of which the canvas gives a vivid representation, which is life, motion, and feeling, and this, too, is done in poetry, in the drama, in which life is condensed into great episodes and situation crowds on situation, and all is stir and rapid action! In all these things the two arts correspond; and in that each appeals to the mind, one through the eye, the other through the intellect, do they correspond also. Each, too, has its limits, and painting can accomplish many things out of reach of the poem, and the poem can express much which the picture cannot attempt."

How many painter-poets have there been? In a sense, indeed, every painter is a poet, though every painter does not express his thoughts in verse. William Blake, Washington Allston, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, J. Noel Paton, Ford Madox and Oliver Madox Brown, Allan Cunningham, are among the names that occur to us, when we try to recall the possessors of the twofold gift. But save in a few instances, the leaning to one or other branch of art soon became despotic and the aspirant must become either painter or poet, if he is to excel at all. All the names just mentioned and many more—some of whom only wrote verse as an occasional recreation—are included in Mr. Parkes's list. There is much in the book that we would like to quote, and may some day. Meanwhile *place aux dames* (though there is really only one lady's verses in the book, those of Louise Jopling.) Here are some touching lines of hers:

LINES TO ———

I often wonder where we two shall meet,
By woodland, vale, or in the busy street.
Sometimes my heart is shaken when I hear
A sudden step of some one drawing near.
O love! what will you do? will your face change?
Or will your eyes meet mine with looks grown strange?
Can love then die! Within your mighty heart
Have I for ever lost a share, a part?
No, no, a thousand times! Love such as ours
Time cannot strangle; no, nor days, nor hours.
Deep in your heart the smould'ring passion stays
One breath of mine, it leaps into a blaze!
Our eyes have but to meet for each to know
That years have had no power, nor friend, nor foe,
One little touch of hands so long apart
Would send the life-blood throbbing to your heart.
The perfume of my hair across your cheek,
Would rob you of your strength and make you weak.
What matter where we meet? I know, O friend,

That thus it shall be to the bitter end.
Our hearts are true, though both are bound by ties
We cannot break. Not that way duty lies.
Oft in the lonely chamber where I rest
I think of all the love we once possessed.
Do you remember, dear, the day we met?
The glamour of it lingers round me yet.
Without—the breath of Spring was in the air;
Within—we knew it not—young love was there!
Long time we passed in silence, then I spake;
My voice the slumber of your heart did break.
Its sound, you told me since, had power to thrill
Your very being. Love, could it so still?
I know not
Enough, what matters now, since you and I
Are sundered farther than the earth from sky?

We have only space for one more example and we give it to Selwyn Image's

VANITY OF VANITIES.

Ah! I know it, my darling: but who can say nay to you!
Who can say nay to those eyes, when they pray to you?
Who can say nay to those lips, when they say to you
"On a rose, on a glove, on a jewel, I am thinking?"

Were we strong, were we wise, had but virtue the hold on us;

Were we cold, to behold such a love's face unblinking;
Were it aught, but such stuff as it is, sweet, the mould of us;

Ah! then we might smile, and suffice you with smiling:
Yea, then were we proof against all the beguiling
Of even those eyes, and that exquisite lip's curve.

Great God! what avals? where his honey Love sips, nerve
Your soul to denial, Love will sip there again,
And again, till the end: as it hath been, it will be:
Aye, stronger, than strength of Death's fear, Love shall still be;

Cruel Love that but plays with you, fast in his chain.

Mr. Parkes has enriched his volume with biographical and critical Notes, which add greatly to the interest of the selections. (London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.; Montreal: E. Picken.)



There are more ways of choking that proverbial canine than with butter, and there are more ways of monkeying with lacrosse than are laid down in the rules. Of course we all knew this long ago, and in the East were prepared for most anything that a council of five or an executive committee of the N.A.L.A. might do; but things a little better were expected in the West, and we are forced to believe that the Eastern leaven hath leavened the whole lump. All the trouble is over that unfortunate Leroux case, which has hobbled up serenely through the newspapers and otherwise from the beginning of the season, and always bobbed down again when it seemed on the point of settling. Why the whole matter was not pushed through at once in the beginning of the season is known only to the protesting clubs and the time-killing council of the C.A.A.A. When, however, a move was made and a sub-committee appointed, people who were interested and who had followed the case, thought at last it would be settled one way or the other. The sub-committee got together, looked over the very contradictory evidence on both sides and came to the conclusion that the best thing to be done under the circumstances was to report to the full council recommending that Leroux be considered an amateur—not reinstated as an amateur—as some of the daily papers had it. This report was submitted, but for some reason or other the council never took action, and calmly tabled the matter until the new council should be elected, whose sittings would be held in Toronto. This seemed a shabby sort of way of shirking duty and throwing the onus of a decision on the shoulders of the Toronto men. The latter, however, were not long in taking the matter up, and, notwithstanding that they had the report of the first sub-committee to guide them, they appointed a new one of their own, which reversed the decision of the previous committee. The full council, of course, has yet to meet; but there is hardly any doubt of the result, and Leroux will be declared a professional. Then there will be more lacrosse legislation. On account of having played a protested professional during the season, Cornwall's games will be all declared null and void. This, of course, will put Toronto in first place, and everything will be lovely in the West. If such a thing as this should happen, and it probably will, then it will be but one more blot of disgrace on the national game.

Some sports start up with a flash and startle everybody by their brilliancy and then flicker out like a candle and no more is heard of them. That, to a certain extent, is the way with football in Canada. The season is much too short, especially in the Province of Quebec, when a month or six weeks is about the limit. But though the season is short, the enthusiasm is great and perhaps never before has

there been such a boom in Rugby. For years have the Montreal men swept everything before them in this part of the country, only meeting with defeat from members of the Ontario Union. In fact their prowess had been noised abroad to such an extent that the wearers of the black and red were considered to have a ninety-nine year lease on the championship. This fiction was dispelled when the Britannias made a draw which should have been a win, and was altogether wiped out of sight when the slightly-thought-of McGill men defeated them. McGill has been the surprise of the year and I have no hesitation in saying that the team now playing can defeat both Montreal and Britannia. They have improved, too, wonderfully during the past week or so and the improvement is most noticeable in the back division. A football writer in the *Gazette* gave them some wholesome advice after the match with Montreal, and they were sensible enough to take it. The result was seen on Saturday last when the backs showed fifty per cent. better play, the quarter-back Smart getting right down to his work and doing some splendid passing that resulted in a gain of ground every time. In fact, Smart played the game of the day. It was not to be expected that a fifteen like the Victorias could win from a team like the College, but it was likewise not expected that they should get such a triple-dyed coat of whitewash. Their forwards played a hard, plucky losing game, but forwards cannot play a whole fifteen and their back division were no earthly use whatever. They were not fit to meet the rush of those gigantic forwards, and there was quite a suspicion of funk at several stages of the game. There was no such thing as combination and not a particle of judgment, for the backs spent most of their time standing wrong end up. It was McGill all the way through and only once or twice did their full back ever get a chance to handle the leather. McGill has a magnificent rush line and a hard working back division and, playing as they did on Saturday, should be able to defeat any team in Canada. The score was, McGill, 41; Victoria, 0.

* * *

There was still another case of whitewash in Montreal on Saturday and the Beavers of Cornwall have returned to the Factory Town a sadder and considerably wiser fifteen. They were ambitious to hold the intermediate championship and they challenged the second Britannias for the honour, both teams meeting on the Shamrock grounds. The visitors were overmatched from the beginning, and, like the Victorias, their half-backs were nearly useless on the field, while their quarter and full backs did some good work, but without support. The forwards were a fairly hard working line, but had not the playing power of the Brits. The latter team is by no means perfect, but they were head and shoulders above their opponents. The score at the call of time was:—Britannias, 43; Beavers, Cornwall, 0.

* * *

There was more than the usual amount of interest taken in the Rugby match between Hamilton and Queens for the Ontario Union championship on Saturday, but the ending was unfortunate, as the Kingston men, who were beaten by seven to four on the field, went into the protest business, protesting three of Hamilton's players and also arguing that the full time had not been played out. The Rugby Union considered the charges in the evening and decided that there were no grounds for protesting the players, but that the claim of short time was sustained, and ordered the match to be played over again. The Hamiltons have one consolation, and that is that, notwithstanding they were much the lighter team, they had the best of the play all the way through. Defeat is hard medicine to take always, but when it has to be taken it should be swallowed quickly and Queen's would have shown better taste by taking it that way.

* * *

In the Quebec Junior championship the McGill and Victoria third fifteens played on the College ground, the result being a victory for McGill by 14 to 4. The score was made up of three tries and two rouges, while the Vics secured but one try. The third teams of the Montrealers and Brits also played on Saturday, when the latter were clearly outclassed and defeated by a score of 17 to 2.

* * *

Never perhaps in the history of the Montreal Hunt has such a glorious and hard-riding run been had as on Saturday last, when the hounds met at Ste. Anne. Even the veteran master, who has followed the chase for nearly sixty years, said he never had a better run. The country was stiff enough to satisfy the most enthusiastic wearer of pink, and although there were no serious accidents, there were a few croppers taken quietly. One gentleman had a strange experience. Taking a rail his stirrup leather broke and his horse struck the fence and smashed it. While fixing up the broken strap he was suddenly confronted by a vociferous farmer, filled with pungent language and armed with a spade, who demanded that he be reimbursed for his fence. The fence certainly did look in a bad way and he thought he would have to part with something in the neighbourhood of ten dollars. Imagine his relief when the disciple of Cincinnatus said:—"Vingt-cinq sous." There were two finds but no kill and the second fox kept horses and hounds going with only a few checks from shortly after two o'clock until nearly five in the afternoon, and there were a good many sore backs next morning.

R. O. X.



J. J. McIntosh, Private Sec'y to Hon. J. M. Gibson, Provincial Sec'y.
 L. O. Percival, " " Hon. R. Harcourt, Provincial Treas.
 E. S. Williamson, Private Sec'y to the Assistant Com. of Crown Lands.
 H. R. Alley, " " Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education.
 S. T. Bastedo, " " Hon. Oliver Mowat, First Minister.
 Frank Veigh, Sec'y to Hon. S. Hardy, Com. of Crown Lands.
 W. B. Varley, " " Hon. John Dryden, Minister of Agriculture.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE MINISTERS OF THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO.



DELEGATES FROM MANITOBA TO DULUTH, ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, SEPT., 1890.

On the Virgin Stalk.

By MISS A. C. JENNINGS.

(CONCLUDED.)

And these men of the coast were not surprised when they found their predictions and precautions justified.

Towards sunset the great black, ragged clouds came drifting in from sea, and a tempest, swift and sudden, of wind and blinding rain and sleet from the south-east followed that hurried squadron and burst with terrific fury on land and water.

As night came on, the roar and rage of the storm was increased by the not unusual accompaniment at that season of violent thunder and lightning, making the scene and hour more appalling.

About ten o'clock signal guns, apparently from a ship in distress, were heard close at hand, and old Pete came up from the next cove, where he lived, to speak to Mr. Wylde, who already knew something very like what he was going to hear.

"There's a vessel on the 'Sisters,' sir," he said. "She wants help. What is to be done?"

"That is what I must ask you, Peter," the old gentleman replied. "Will you go out to her if you can get a crew?"

"I can man a boat, sir, in the lower cove," Peter responded, "and we'll venture it. I came up to tell you that. I've gone out upon nights well-nigh as bad as this, but I never saw a worse one."

The old fisherman and his master were standing upon the terrace in front of Cliff House. The moon was up now and gave light enough to disclose a wild and terrible picture. The twin reef lay between them and the fishing-village in the adjacent cove, and although the moon was only occasionally visible through wide rifts in the masses of black and broken vapour, they could, at these intervals, distinctly see the ship as she lay wedged between the hidden ledges of her treacherous foes.

The furious water leapt and broke and clambered over her sides with a devouring force that struck terror to the heart of the old merchant, and looked ominous enough to the more experienced seaman.

"Can you make her out at all, Peter," said Mr. Wylde. "I take her to be a large brig, sir," was the answer.

Neither of them said it was the Billow, but they understood each other.

Then Mr. Wylde remarked, "Is there a good boat at the village. No ordinary one will do in this sea, and if you reach the brig it will be no easy matter to get her people off."

"We've got the best boat on the shore," said the sailor, "one that knows how to behave herself in rough weather;

and if we come back ourselves we'll bring the lads out there with us."

By starting from the Fishing Cove the rescuers had an important point in their favour. That little bay was situated a short distance below the wreck, while Mr. Wylde's property lay above it, and the boat would have her best chance of success in the fact that the wind and incoming tide were behind her, and it was settled that in returning from the reef, if they were so fortunate as to reach it and leave it again in safety, they should make for Silversand Cove, by that means securing a continuance of the rather precarious advantages with which they set out.

Old Peter Schmidt went his way and Mr. Wylde, filled with suspense and fear, yet, in spite of both, encouraged by the bold spirit of the practical sailor, returned to his house to order fires to be built in all the available bedrooms, and preparations for a substantial supper to be immediately undertaken.

He did not tell Helena that he believed it was the Billow, with their expected guest on board, lying out there in the relentless grip of the "Sisters." He told her that it was an awful night for making the coast, and that the wrecked vessel, if she had taken a pilot below the harbour was most likely previously disabled and unmanageable.

Her people, if they could be got on shore, were to be brought to Cliff House for care and shelter, but he insisted that she should go to bed and be out of the turmoil. He and the servants would see to all that was necessary to be done and he would come to her door and tell her the news before he went to bed himself.

Helena obeyed her father reluctantly; but she was not deceived by his reticence, and had her own thoughts about the Billow and the friend of her childish days.

Meanwhile, the hardy boatmen were battling with the frantic wind and sea of their merciless coast, but in their strife with the fierce elements skill and courage prevailed, and they neared the doomed ship at last with a cheer that restored hope and energy to her perishing company.

Sure enough, it was the Billow, "with one cabin passenger on board," the captain shouted in reply to the first hail from the deliverers.

Imminent as was the danger, there was no panic nor selfish terror in the eagerness with which the shipwrecked men welcomed their chance for life. The captain gave his orders as calmly as he would have done in fair weather, and when Mr. Drummond had been successfully lowered into the boat each man took his turn obediently until Peter Schmidt said authoritatively: "We can only take one more this time. Will you come, Captain! We'll come back for the rest."

"No," was the answer, "the Billow will hold together, I think, for a couple of hours. You're quite full enough already. Come back for us—if you can."

"We shall make for the upper cove now. The tide will

turn in an hour, and the wind lull, 'tis likely, and we'll come back with the ebb," roared old Peter as the boat headed for the shore.

And the stout-hearted old mariner was as good as his word. The violence of the gale lessened as the tide receded, according to Peter's expectation; and before day broke over the still turbulent waste of waters every man who sailed in the Billow was safely landed in Silversand Cove, drenched and exhausted, indeed, with the buffeting of the cold April waves, but thankful for their escape, perhaps (so few of us are thankful) from a fate that overtakes so many a brave crew in these wild engulfing waters.

Mr. Wylde found less difficulty than he had anticipated in carrying out the plan he had formed in connection with Harry Drummond, for a thing happened in furtherance of his scheme which had found no place in his calculations, and was quite at variance with the views of other members of the family.

Mr. Drummond fell passionately, absurdly, some people said, in love with Helena.

"It was preposterous," her sisters remarked, "to see that man, who was now almost a foreigner, making such a fuss about Helena. It would be an altogether unsuitable marriage. It was strange that she could be so silly as to think of it. He would never accustom himself to a new mode of life, and what would become of papa if Helena's time were taken up with a husband?"

But none of these dismal forebodings were fulfilled; and as for papa, he ungratefully turned his back upon his sympathizing family critics and failed to give them any support or adhesion whatever.

Papa was secretly delighted that his daughter had unconsciously proved such a powerful ally in the thing upon which he had set his heart, and the lovers' suit met with his cordial encouragement.

And perhaps no one concerned was more surprised than Helena herself when she discovered that she was of so much account to a man whose love and admiration no woman would have despised. Under the influence of that sudden and magical charm she emerged sweetly from her solitary fancies, and was won out of the fastidious reserve of which men generally had accused her.

The right man had come at last, and no one who saw the eager and distinguished looking wooer could say that she had waited so long for a "crooked stick."

In the former time there had been weddings handsomely celebrated at Cliff House, but never one so royally furnished forth as was Helena's. And now there is a younger Helena Drummond to patter round the old house with grandpapa, to sit upon his knee in the bay-window where her mother sat alone so often, or to lead him out to the strawberry-bed in the hillside garden to pluck the biggest and ripest cluster for mamma.

THE END.

Fort Niagara, N.Y.

The most important objects of historic interest at the mouth of the Niagara River are the ruined remains of Forts George and Mississauga, the old camping-ground on which the Indian commissioners used to distribute the gifts and allowances of the British Government to the tribes of the Six Nation Indians, and the venerable Anglican Church of St. Mark's, in whose hallowed burial ground are interred the mortal remains of very many of the early soldiers, to whose heroism, endurance and self-denial we are in no small degree indebted for the preservation of the Niagara peninsula, if not of the whole of Canada, as a dependency of the British Crown. These places are all on the Canadian side of the river, and lie within short walking distance of one another, and, besides these, on the opposite or United States side, stands old Fort Niagara, occupying the site on which was erected the first stockade, palisade, or whatever it was in the shape of fortification that was constructed by the earliest European adventurers who dared to penetrate into these far inland regions. The history of the American Fort Niagara dates back at least a century before that of either of the forts on the Canadian side or of St. Mark's Church, whose history is inseparably linked with theirs. It may, therefore, help us a little to understand the series of events that have taken place in these regions if we first take a glance at the fort over which the Stars and Stripes still wave, and then follow the chronological order of such significant occurrences as have impressed their mark upon the country. Securing the services of an antique Charon, a compound of the fisherman and ferryman, we speedily row across the river, approach the ever open gate of the fortress by a rising path, ask and readily receive permission to enter from a courteous caretaker in semi-military attire, and immediately find ourselves within the lofty walls, which, backed by broad and deep embankments of earth, form the principal outer defence of the fort. A walk all through the enclosure and around the battlements is enough to show us that the lines of fortification, the magazine and the other requisite buildings are still in good preservation. For some reason or other our American cousins seem to have taken sufficient pride in this old historic landmark to induce them to protect it against the corroding influences of time and exposure. Repairs have been regularly made from time to time as occasion might require in the buildings and in the embankments, and the result is that the whole structure presents an appearance of comfort and solidity, as great, in all probability, as it ever possessed in the palmiest days of its existence. The earthworks have been strengthened by a facing of a solid brick wall several feet in width, within whose massive thickness loop-holed galleries and chambers have been constructed in several places—the wall, where it contains no such intra-mural rooms, being double and having the hollow space filled in with grouting of earth, sand and mortar, stone and broken brick. No doubt it was a formidable fortress in the olden time and capable of offering a very stubborn resistance to any attack that might be made against it, whether by the fire-arrows of the aborigines or the scarcely more effective artillery employed a century ago by the whites; but it is perfectly safe to say that the solid double strengthening wall would not withstand a second volley from a modern heavy piece of ordnance. It would in fact be almost certain to crumble to pieces by the mere shock of the concussion of a heavy gun of modern construction discharged against an attacking foe through one of its own embrasures. The massive earth embankments, however, will still prove a somewhat formidable barrier, for the earth does not fall in masses, nor is it easy to form a breach in such a structure—balls or shells generally imbed themselves in the loose soil, and do little or no serious damage to the embankment or its defenders. The fort cannot, nevertheless, be regarded as a stronghold in modern times: neither in design, strength, appearance, nor in any other quality is it to be compared with Fort Henry at Kingston while the fortifications of Quebec and Halifax are as far superior to it as it may possibly be to the rude stockade or pioneer fort against the Indians that once occupied its site. It looks very much better than the mud banks that now stand on the sites of Fort Mississauga and Fort George; but the ruins of either would be as capable of offering effectual resistance to an assault of modern artillery. The American troops have recently been removed to more comfortable berths in the "new quarters," a few minutes walk from the fort, which is now tenanted merely by a couple of caretakers and their families, and may be regarded as having been virtually abandoned.

The Niagara route to the West and North-West was discovered in the year 1669, and soon began to draw to itself a considerable portion of the traffic which had all been previously carried on by way of the Ottawa Valley and Lake Nipissing. In 1678 La Salle erected a palisaded stronghold on the site now occupied by Fort Niagara, in order to prevent his retreat from being cut off while he was pushing to the westward by Lake Erie, and a curious old Indian legend relates that while he was contemplating the building of the brigantine Griffin, the first vessel that ever floated on Lake Erie, he was induced by his friend, Gironkouthic, an Iroquois chief, to consult a famous Indian oracle at the Devil's Hole, a wild chasm three miles below the falls on the American bank of the river, and that he was answered in accordance with what did afterwards actually happen, that his death would be brought about by treachery, a prediction that possibly might not have been accomplished had he not too utterly disregarded the warning of the soothsayer. Four years after the erection of La

Salle's palisades a daring attempt was made by the French and their northern Indian allies, the Hurons and Algonquins, to secure the Niagara river. The attempt was, however, unsuccessful,—the allies were totally defeated by the warlike Senecas and Iroquois at Fort Frontenac (now Kingston), the French retreated precipitately to Montreal, and the northern Indians returned home crestfallen. But in 1687 the French, aided by an Indian contingent from Mackinac, defeated the Senecas and erected a wooden fort on the lines of La Salle's palisades. There they left a garrison, which was shortly afterwards surprised by the Seneca warriors and cut to pieces—ten men only escaping to bring news of the disaster. The southern Indians did not, however, long remain masters of the fort. It was again captured by the French and strengthened by a strong stockade and a blockhouse, described by Père Charlevoix, who visited the district in 1721, and five years afterwards, in 1726, it was still further strengthened by the addition of four bastions, in accordance with the terms of a treaty entered into by the French and Indians. In 1749 the Marquis de la Jonquière built a stone fort on the same site, and for the possession of this stronghold was fought, ten years later, one of the most gallant and stubborn contests of the whole struggle between the French and English for supremacy in North America. Brigadier Prideaux, who commanded the English forces, was killed early in the series of engagements, and the command devolved upon Sir William Johnson. The French garrison was ably and valiantly commanded by Pouchot, who did everything that pluck and skill could compass to retain the colour in its position at the top of the flagstaff; but the fates were against him. Ligneris and Aubrey, with 1,100 French soldiers and 1,200 Indian braves, marched to his assistance from the Detroit river. They were both intercepted and led into ambushes by the vigilance of the English commander, their forces cut to pieces and scattered to the winds, and they themselves were taken prisoners of war. The gallant Pouchot could not believe the tidings when conveyed to him at the ramparts by a British officer, and could hardly credit an officer of his own whom he sent immediately to ascertain the truth or otherwise about this saddest disaster that had yet befallen the arms of France in the New World; but it was all too true. The British were victorious at all points, and on the 25th of July, 1759, Pouchot and the surviving remnant of his gallant garrison marched out with all the honours of war and laid down their arms in token of submission on the shore of Lake Ontario. During this memorable siege one of the most active and daring of the younger British officers was the gallant Loyalist Captain John Butler, who had previously distinguished himself at Lake George, and was destined once more to distinguish himself in the War of Independence as commander of the celebrated regiment of Loyalist volunteers known as Butler's Rangers. We shall see his memorial tablet by-and-by on the walls of St. Mark's Church in Niagara-on-the-Lake. The consequences that resulted directly from the fall of Fort Niagara are matters of history. All the French forts as far as Erie were surrendered to the British, and French influence in the districts of the Great Lakes became thenceforward a memory of the past. Four years later a detachment of British troops set out from Fort Niagara to convey a consignment of provisions and stores to Fort Schlosser, on the American side of the river, opposite Navy Island. On their way they were surprised and massacred by a band of Indians near the ill-omened Devil's Run, and from that terrible disaster the little creek that flows through that gorge of death obtained the significant cognomen of the "Bloody Run."

The war of 1776 hardly touched the Niagara frontier: the country was still in the hands of the Indian aborigines and there were consequently no worthy objects of attack to be molested by the armies on either side. At the end of the war the east bank of the river was given up to the States, but Fort Niagara still remained in the hands of the British and was garrisoned by British troops, while settlements of U. E. Loyalists began to be made along the Canadian side of the river; but this state of things could not last. The Canadian town of Niagara was laid out in 1791, as we have seen in a previous paper, and in anticipation of the early giving up of Fort Niagara, the lines of Fort George were marked out on the Canadian side to protect Canadian interests. Governor Simcoe saw the absurdity of the position clearly and acted accordingly, by removing his capital to Toronto. The year following the removal, that is, in 1794, Jay's Treaty gave up Forts Niagara, Oswego, Detroit, Miami and Michilimackinac; and two years afterwards, the British flag was lowered and the Stars and Stripes were, for the first time, unfurled to the breeze from the top of the old flagstaff of Fort Niagara. Here it remained till the war of 1812, when the fort was shelled so vigorously by Fort George during the progress of the battle of Queenston Heights that the garrison was obliged to evacuate it for a time. They returned on the conclusion of the armistice which immediately followed, and retained possession till the 18th of December, 1813, when the fiery impetuosity of Col. Murray and his gallant troops took the first draughts from the cup of their revenge by driving the too confident Yankees first out of Fort George and immediately afterwards out of their own fort on the American side. Both forts remained in the hands of the British till peace was declared and Fort Niagara restored, but these things belong to the history of the War of 1812, and, as we have already said, it is not our intention to produce such a history. The only sequent events in the history of Fort Niagara are unimportant.

HISTORIC CANADA, III.

Brock's Monument, Queenston Heights.

The story of the battle of Queenston Heights has been so ably re-told of late that there is no need to again enlarge on the valour shown during all that eventful day by our troops. While a most decisive victory, it resulted in our greatest loss. The death of Sir Isaac Brock has indelibly stamped a sad preëminence on the struggle on Queenston Heights. From the battlefield to the grave is usually a short road in a dead soldier's life. The mournful fatality of the 13th of October was quickly followed by the solemn funeral procession from Queenston to Newark; there a rest that friends might have a last look at the remains of one so dear to all; and then the stately ceremonial of a soldier's burial in a fitting spot—a bastion in Fort George, just completed by his orders. While his name and deeds were fresh in the memory of all, the Provincial Legislature erected a monument on the heights where he fell. Its height from base to summit was 135 feet, and from the level of the Niagara river 485 feet. It was in the form of a Tuscan column on a rustic pedestal; the diameter of the base was seventeen and one-half feet, and an iron railing surmounted the pillar. It bore the following inscription:—

Upper Canada
has dedicated this monument
to the memory of the late
Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K. B.
Provisional Lieut.-Governor and commander of the forces
in this Province,
whose remains are deposited in the vault beneath.
Opposing the invading enemy,
he fell in action near these heights,
on the 13th October, 1812,
in the 43rd year of his age,
Revered and lamented
by the people whom he governed,
and deplored by the Sovereign
to whose service his life had been devoted.

The remains of the General and his gallant Aide-de-Camp, Lt.-Col. McDonell, of the York Militia, were removed from the first place of interment (Fort George) on the twelfth anniversary of the battle and deposited, with all befitting solemnity and state, in the receptacle prepared at the foot of the monument. The day was an unusually fine one, and a vast concourse of people had assembled from all parts of the country; and the presence of large detachments of troops from the Imperial and Militia regiments gave additional interest to the ceremony. H.M. 76th Regiment formed the guard of honour; the battalions of Militia lined the road from Fort George to Queenston; while a detachment of the Royal Artillery, posted on the heights, fired a salute of nineteen guns. The remains of Brock and McDonell lie side by side. The coffin of the former bears two oval plates of silver, on the first of which is the following inscription:—

Here lie the earthly remains of a brave
and virtuous hero,
Major-General Sir Isaac Brock,
Commander of the British Forces,
and President administering
the Government of Upper Canada,
who fell, when gloriously engaging the enemies
of his country,
at the head of the Flank companies
of the 49th Regiment,
in the town of Queenston,
on the morning of the 13th October, 1812.
Aged 42 years.
J. B. Glegg, A.D.C.

The second plate reads as follows:—

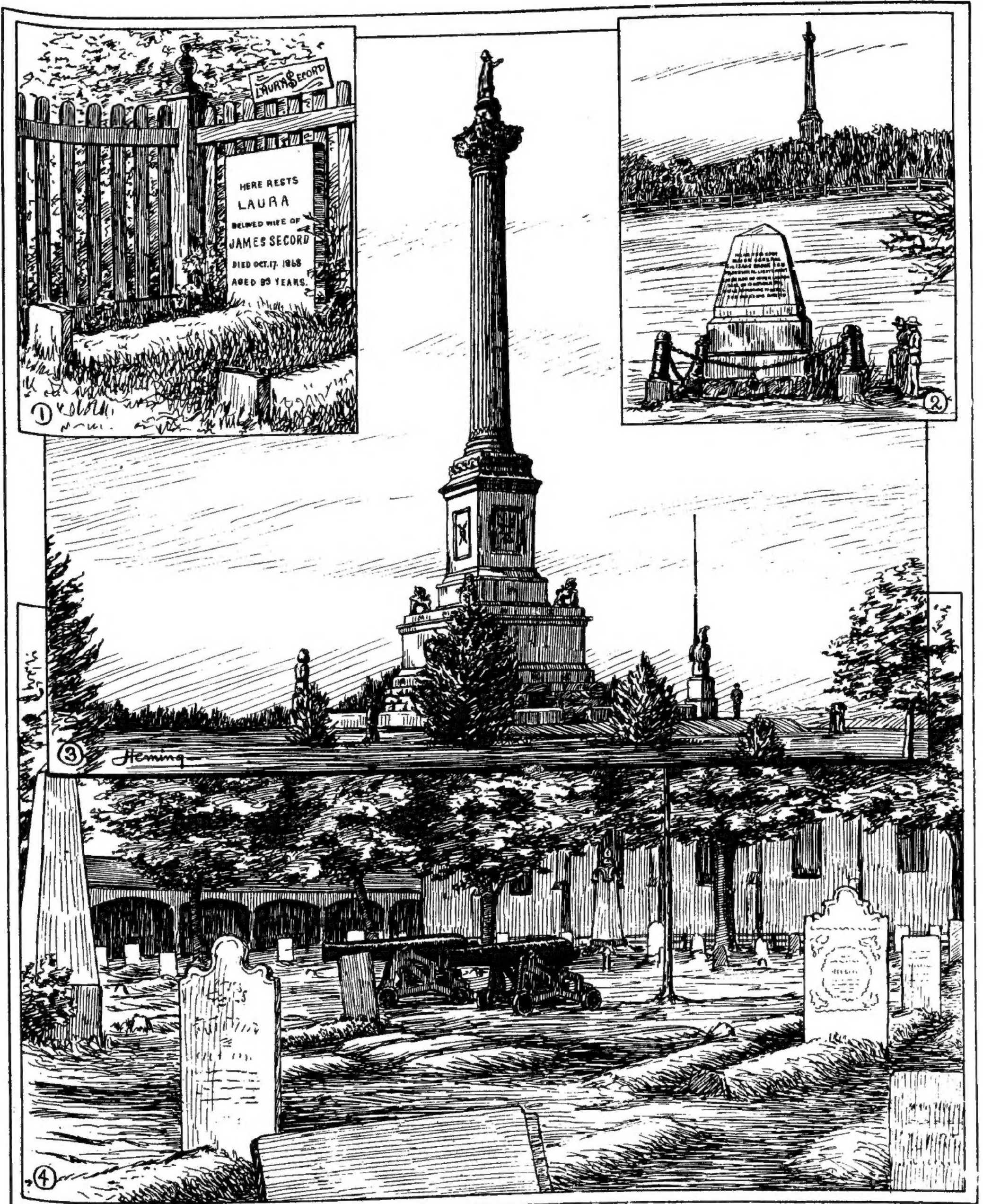
The remains of the late
Major-General Sir Isaac Brock, K. B.
removed from Fort George to this vault,
on the 13th of October, 1824.

While on the coffin of the brave McDonell is the following:—

The remains of
Lieut. Col. John McDonell,
Provincial Aide-de-Camp to the late
Major-General Brock,
who died on the 14th of October, 1812,
of wounds received in action the day before,
Aged 25 years.

The two heroes lay in peace for sixteen years, when their rest was disturbed by a scoundrel named Lett. On Good Friday, the 17th April, 1840, this man—the father of the dynamite school of the present day—secretly placed a large quantity of gunpowder into the monument, and exploded the same with such effect as to damage the column beyond repair. Lett had taken arms against the Government during the rebellion of 1837-38, and had been compelled to fly to the United States on the collapse of that unwarranted outbreak. His cowardly spirit thus thought to revenge itself on Canadian justice. The indignation of the public was aroused in all parts of the Province, and a great and remarkably enthusiastic gathering was held on Queenston Heights on the following 30th of July. It was decided to erect on the site of the mutilated column a monument far more grand and impressive.

Again the anniversary of Brock's death witnessed another pageant to his memory, for on the 13th October, 1853, his remains and those of Col. McDonell were re-interred at the base of the new monument. The foundation stone was then laid with due solemnity by Lieut.-Col. McDonell, brother of him to whose memory they were assisting to do honour. The column was completed in 1856, and is an exceptionally fine piece of work. It is one of the highest monuments in the world, measuring 190 feet from the ground to top of statue. Suitable inscriptions are engraved on the column, and it stands to-day a fitting tribute to a man whom all patriotic Canadians delight to honour.



1. Laura Secord's Grave at Lundy's Lane.
2. Spot where Brock Fell, Queenston Heights.

3. Brock's Monument, Queenston Heights.
4. Lundy's Lane Battle-ground, Niagara Falls South.

HISTORIC CANADA, III.
A FAMOUS BATTLE-GROUND. (By our special artist.)

She's Gone to Rest.

She's gone to rest in peaceful slumber,
To blend with earth from which she came;
You need not her misfortunes number,
Or even try to guess her name.

Regard her as an unknown maiden,
Trusting, loving, kind and gay,
Pure and sweet as roses laden
With the sparkling dew of May.

One too true to doubt a friend,
Too simple to detect a foe,
Who never had a thought to lend
To future sorrow, care or woe.

And now a nameless mound forsaken
Is all that marks her lonely grave,
E'en friends would not to pity waken,
Or try her precious life to save.

O youth, how silly are thy actions,
How prone to evil deeds and vile,
How often lost in dire distractions
That arm our peace, our thoughts defile,

And O deception, vilest, lowest,
Meanest cunning of thy kind,
What arts thou bringest forth and showest,
What charms to lure a tender mind.

To lead to vice, from virtue win,
Pollute, dishonour and abase,
To mark with ruin, shame and sin,
And steep your victim in disgrace.

Could I but raise her silent clay
Into these longing arms again,
And for a moment chase away
Her every pang of grief and shame,

I'd willingly lie down to rest,
My conscience purged from hidden care,
And think I was serenely blest,
Her drear and silent grave to share.

But no, remorse will ne'er resign,
It ever at my conscience rends,
And bids me live but to repine
For what I ne'er can make amends.

St. John, N.B.

FRED. DEVINE.

Sonnet.

TO CHARLES C. D. ROBERTS.

Still walk amid the beautiful, and know
The mystic things to eye and heart reveal'd
For thee the sacred fountains be unseal'd
In kindred worlds, within, above, below.

When green's the marsh, and the sweet birds do blow,
As woo'd by kisses of the amorous spring,
Win thee the notes of all the birds that sing
And kindle in thy soul Love's fiery glow.

For fairer seem the hills my boyhood trod,
And brighter those triumphant waters shine
That swell'd to match my gladness, for the wine
Of thy warm praise to chime each precious sod.

Richer, down golden wastes, for thy clear call,
The burning leaves of sunset crimson'd fall.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Literature and Art in Toronto.

[From our own Correspondent.]

TORONTO, October 27.—The "intelligent compositor" may not have been the sinner in transforming the name of Dr. Michael Barrett, the late Dean of the Women's Medical College, into Bauch, nor in misrepresenting the name of our Toronto artist, Forster, by an outlandish proper noun never before heard of. Sometimes the caligraphy of correspondents is not as legible as might be; your correspondent is quite ready to "own up" and beg the reader's pardon, if such was the source of the errors in your last issue but one.

The Association for the Advancement of Women has made its mark, as all such gatherings—whether called by the name of congress or convention—must. A club (title yet undecided upon) is already under weigh, and English literature is to be the first branch of study taken up. It is felt that the higher culture is almost an unknown quality among our women of—and not of—leisure. Society, necessary as its duties and responsibilities are to a proper balance of human life, is often made a scape-goat for that *ennui* that need not exist if an additional interest of a worthy intellectual sort were made to the mental activities of women.

The excellent standard of the papers read at the meetings of the association have had their effect, converting some who, through the narrow prejudices that still warp the souls of able men and women, oppose everything they know nothing of, and awakening a cheerful ambition in others who having felt the value of such impetus to their thoughts, such centres around which to cluster them, see

that it is for their own and humanity's interest to "go—and do likewise."

Availing themselves of the prolonged stay among us of Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, the women graduates of University College asked her to lecture for them on some historical subject. Mrs. Woods chose the "Moravians of New England" for her topic, and spoke in the theatre of the Normal School, readily lent by the Hon. the Minister of Education for Ontario. The audience will not soon forget this lecture, which set before them in their inside and outside influence the customs, life and aims of a people—if so we may style them thus—who have left their mark on the world in so many and such distinct spots.

On Saturday night, at the request of Public School Inspector Hughes, Miss Mary F. Eastman addressed the city teachers in Victoria Hall. Miss Eastman is a tall, grey-haired lady of fifty or thereabouts, of a genial countenance, possessing that type of head which looks well from every point of view, not capacious but roomy, promising everything and failing in nothing. The lecturer dealt with the responsibilities and consequent needs of women teachers, and to these ladies she addressed the most of her remarks. Sketching for her audience the rise of the higher education of women from the time of the Puritan settlement of New England, when Harvard, and afterwards Yale, were founded for boys, she told how girls' education had had to creep through dame schools, where they were taught "manners and the catechism," in at the door of the "Latin schools," where they were allowed to attend before breakfast hour—our breakfast hour, more correctly—that is before eight of the clock, and on Thursday afternoons, when the boys—those terrible fellows, so corrupting and so easily corrupted by girls—were away on their weekly holidays. Fifty years ago this state of things for girls was hardly bettered; but at length, after several years of consultation with clergymen and other men who were referred—and deferred—to as absolute authority, a lady, Miss Smith, of Massachusetts (your correspondent forgets the town), who had inherited a large fortune, used it to build the first college for girls in America, namely, Smith College. Taking this glance into the past as her text, Miss Eastman urged upon her hearers to be content with nothing less than all, no longer to take with thankfulness the dole of the lesser part; for how, if they had not the best, could they do their best or give the best to their pupils? And on several occasions during her address Miss Eastman impressed upon her hearers that she regarded each individual in her audience, at home, at school, or in the world, as a teacher. The address was listened to intently, and the many points which Miss Eastman has the gift of making were earnestly applauded. The gentlemen of the Public School Board were upon the platform, and also the Rev. Septimus Jones, who for several years past has given a prize to the boy and the girl among our public school pupils who reads at sight the best. A visitor of note, Mr. Garratt, of Nashville, Tennessee, president of the National Association of Teachers of the United States, addressed words of praise of our methods of teaching, and hoped that Canada would make his association *international* by becoming officially part and parcel of it. Mr. Garratt was received with warmth.

The invitation piano recital given by Miss M. Irene Gurney at Association Hall on the 20th inst. was an event in musical circles. Miss Gurney, who is a graduate of Boston Conservatory of Music, is the daughter of Mr. Samuel Gurney, the iron founder, of this city. The young lady exhibited great mechanical skill, as well as musical insight and sympathy, and her career is looked forward to with much interest by her fellow-citizens. Her playing of Schumann's "Nocturne," Op. 23, No. 4, showed that she had caught the spirit of the composer, while the *Morceau* No. 6, from "Soirees de Vienne," exhibited her wonderful brilliancy of touch. Miss Gurney was happy in having the assistance of musicians of such high standing as Torington and Mrs. Adamson, and of Earnest Mahr, whose cello playing is something to be heard.

Art sales have opened the season already. Many are advertised "on their merits," with a big "m." The judges are not mentioned, however, and the hydra-headed public, always conceding that each head has a brain, may surprise by its prices the owners and advertisers of the pictures. Certainly Paul Peel's sale does not promise much from a discriminating point of view. It is said the artist was disappointed at the prices fetched, his best and largest work realizing but \$30 or near it, while many of the smaller ones went for "an old song." But we must not judge our public too harshly; money is not so plentiful in Canada as to warrant a fancy price for anything, and at present the old saying holds good for more things than pictures,

"The real worth of anything
Is just as much as it will bring."

The Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers in this city have just issued a very musical waltz by Angelo M. Reid, of St. Catharines, Ont., entitled "Ormalinda; or, the Fair Maiden." The fine poem by Mr. McNaughton, New York, has evidently touched the artistic taste of our people, among whom it was introduced in a somewhat expensive form three or four years ago, even an *édition de luxe* at \$20 finding purchasers here, so that "Ormalinda" is as well known in Canada, perhaps better, than native works of equal merit.

"What do you think of the Kreutzer Sonata?" said one lady to another in your correspondent's hearing so lately as a week ago.

"If my opinion is worth having among so many of authority," was the reply, "I think Tolstoi has made a

great artistic mistake in the Kreutzer Sonata; he has taken a character that might have formed with propriety one of a number, and has shocked us by setting him before us alone. All his deformity is so evident, all his weakness so cruelly laid bare that we are disgusted; it is like dissecting a cadava in the market place. We know that there are such beings as Posdnichoff wherever there are men; they are not Russian, not savage, they are of humanity—human, but we get no good from contemplating them as types—they are not types, and to use them as such is outraging both common sense and decency.

"But do you not think Tolstoi tells many plain and necessary truths in his book?"

"He does; but he so interpolates them with senseless raving, and he so often, through starting from a wrong premise, works out a false logic, that he undoes all he would do, and in this lies, I think, the safety of his book. The human mind, particularly on a subject like Tolstoi's, cannot be bamboozled; the appeal to experience defends that, and so the mischief is lessened and, I fear, the good discredited. Certainly it is an artistic mistake."

Golden chrysanthemums are all the rage just now. They flourish alike in our gardens and greenhouses, our windows and our young ladies' corsages, where, indeed, they look but cold, for yellow is a very cold colour, is it not? But oh, how beautiful the soft-petalled flowers are, and how hardy! Such a blessing as a bit of garden is, where you may see your cobwebs climb to your first floor windows, throwing out their tendrils, like children's fingers, to catch at everything, and pushing out their wonderful little unpromising green buds only to become in a day or two a beautiful pale green bell-shaped flower, that, chameleon-like, changes its colour in twenty-four hours through all the shades to a deep purple, and later to a large fig-shaped fruit which is almost as ornamental as the flower; nor fears the frost and cold until all other flowers are dead. And oh! your beautiful dahlias, black almost, garnet, claret, mauve, yellow, rose-tinted, white, so many! and at their feet the sweet white alyssum filling the air with sweet fragrance when the many tinted colours are black with the cold. The late stocks, too, and the lady's pincushion, scabious, red and white, and still, right up to November, the geraniums making up by the increased brilliancy of their browns and bronzes, their yellows and greens, for the fewness of their slowly developing flowers. And then the late sweet peas, and the purple heliotrope and the changeable shrubs. Ah, pity the man or woman who has not a bit of garden; but oh, pity more, more, the man or woman who does not love it.

Toronto holds its chrysanthemum show about the 11th of November, and Montreal florists are expected as competitors. Meanwhile there are private shows of these beautiful flowers going on, a small florist in our neighbourhood boasting three hundred plants in full bloom.

Are you asking what sort of literary result the *Empire's* offer of a prize for the best essay on the "Patriotic Effect of Hoisting the Dominion Flag on Our Public Schools" will give? Certainly the effect of a consideration of the subject by the young Canadian must be good, whatever the essays may be. In the meantime, it is satisfactory to know that some of the poems to be found in the pages of our Loyalist Poet were chosen for recitation on the occasion of the late celebration of the Battle of Queenston Heights by the schools. Would it not be well if more correct and elegant English were cultivated by our newspapers? Then we should "raise" our flag, not "hoist" it.

A Ferrivorous Worm.

A worm that feeds on common steel was first brought into general notice by an article in the *Cologne Gazette* in June, 1887. For some time preceding the publication of the account mentioned, the greatest consternation existed among the engineers employed on the railway at Hagen by accidents, which always occurred at the same place, indicating that some terrible defect must exist either in the material or construction of the rails. The government became interested, and sent a commission to the spot where the accidents, one of them attended by loss of life, had occurred. It was not, however, until after six months had elapsed that the surface of the rails appeared to be corroded, as if by acid, to the extent of over 100 yards. The rail was taken up and broken, whereupon it was found to be literally honeycombed by thin, thread-like gray worms. The worm is said to be two centimetres in length, and about the bigness of a common knitting needle. It is of a light gray colour, and on the head it carries two little sacs, or glands filled with a most powerful corrosive secretion, which is ejected every ten minutes, when the little demon is lying undisturbed. The liquid, when squirted upon iron, renders that metal soft and spongy, and the colour of rust, when it is easily and greedily devoured by the little insect. "There is no exaggeration," says the official report, "in the assertion that the creature is one of the most voracious, for it has devoured thirty-six kilogrammes of rails in a fortnight."

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